

2.31

THE  
BLUNDERS OF LOYALTY,  
AND OTHER  
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS;  
BEING A SELECTION OF CERTAIN ANCIENT POEMS,  
PARTLY ON SUBJECTS OF LOCAL HISTORY.  
TOGETHER WITH THE  
ORIGINAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

THE POEMS MODERNIZED

By FERDINANDO FUNGUS, GENT.

*all. Strick Univ: Coll.*

—ridiculum aeri

Fortius et melius plerumque fecat res.

HOR.

—

L O N D O N :

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M,DCC,XC.



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THE

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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THE following Pieces I met with in the library of a friend, where, safely deposited upon an upper and unfrequented shelf, and almost concealed in a load of cobwebs and dust, they seem to have enjoyed a long uninterrupted repose. Along with these were several other manuscripts, which my more serious occupations have not permitted me as yet to examine ; but I have no doubt that they are either from the same pen, or at least relate to matters equally curious, and of the same remote antiquity, as these which I have now the honor of introducing to the light.

These MSS. are written in a very obsolete style, and a crabbed hand ; which both together make it neither a very easy nor pleasant task to decypher them. There are not a few deficiencies, caused by the discharging of the letters for whole pages by mildew, and the loss of several others here and there, by a want of care in the preservation of so curious and very old a MS. ; worthy certainly of more attention and a better place from the owner of it, if he had been

been at all acquainted with the treasure he had in his possession. For this reason I am under the necessity of sending them out into the world with many more faults than I could have wished, and which a candid Public will generously make proper allowances for. Indeed I am unable to ascertain either the name of the original writer, or of his commentators ; (for several seem to have contributed their labours to explain this very admirable author in a great number of annotations) many of which, as is always the case where notes are given by different hands, are of no great moment ; and all such I have thought proper to omit entirely, that I might not swell this little trifle to a needless size. Nor is this the only liberty I have presumed to take with my author. I have here given only a selection of these poems, and reserve the remainder to some future opportunity when health and leisure shall give me so much time as is requisite for such a work. Another freedom I have yet presumed to take, for which, perhaps, I ought in a more particular manner to apologize to select readers, is the modernizing of these Poems throughout for the sake of general readers, to whom they would have been almost, if not absolutely, unintelligible, if they had been given to the world in their original state. But though I have changed many obsolete words, and some quaint phrases here and there, yet I trust that both the sense and the spirit of my author have passed through my hands without any material loss—

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus  
Interpres.

HOR.

As

As a lover of antiquarian knowledge, though I profess myself no very great proficient in that department, these very ancient ballads have afforded me much amusement, and not a little *scope for conjecture*, which every one knows is the *life and soul of antiquarianism*. And they are now offered to the Public, in the hope that others who have a similar taste for what relates to antiquity, and a more patient spirit of elaborate investigation, but especially a readier talent at *invention* and *hypothesis* than myself, may not only be equally amused by them, but add some light to the subject.

For I am ready to confess that much remains yet to be done for these pieces, in regard to the elucidation of local history, and historical notices of the times, some of these poems being of a local nature.

The MS. must doubtless be very old, I think, especially from this circumstance; that the writers who have undertaken to add their comments upon it, speak frequently with much hesitation and want of decision upon several parts of the poems, as relating evidently to transactions and characters very remote from them; although *they* are *themselves* clearly of no very modern date, as the reader will easily perceive. I shall only add, that I think it highly probable that this MS. has been written some time about the latter end of the eighteenth century; that the date cannot be fixed later than that, I believe, most people of any reading will readily agree.

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## An APOLOGIE for RELIGION.

*To Hamilton Reid, Poete Paramounte of Grubbe Strete,  
on his paltry Counsel to a young Votary of the Muses.*

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Poeta nascitur non fit.      HOR.

---

EGREGIOUS poet ! well dost thou refuse  
Cheerly to welcome the ingenuous muse !  
And, with a coward hate, forbid it tread  
That laurel'd path, to which resistless impulse led !  
Clip, clip its wings, lest envied merit bear  
    Genius in native vigor strong,  
        And born for song,  
Where thou, on grey-goose wing, canst never rear  
Thy goslin head—'twere unprovok'd abuse  
To slander geese, by calling thee a goose :  
    A goslin green still doom'd to be,  
        To cackle nonsense forth, and ribaldry.

In pompously didactic verse  
Thou dost *the cold neglect* of wit rehearse.

Mistake

Mistake not—if the world thy labors hate,  
 This is no *genuine poet's* fate.  
 Such heavy stuff thou dost indite  
 As few can bear to read, tho' ev'ry fool can write!  
 Prosaic—languid—ignorant—jejune—  
 Thy meager verse, by mechanism *done*,  
 Who can applaud?—thy fate is doubly hard;  
 A blind philosopher, and eke a miserable bard!  
 For reason good, mayhap, with thee  
 Religious solace is but bigotry \*.  
 To him in darkness, brightest colors seem  
 But one continued blot. So dost thou dream  
 Of priestcraft, luxury, and lordly knaves,  
 Who, *principled like thee*, would keep the people slaves.  
 Audacious blockhead! proof cou'dst thou have giv'n  
 Thy vice is match'd with thy stupidity,  
 Thus to blaspheme the institutes of Heav'n,  
 Learning's supporters, Faith's solidity?  
 'The sons of vice revile those hallow'd laws,  
 Which wou'd enthrall their rampant lust;  
 And he from Folly's spring who only draws,  
 Him Learning's lore does but disgust.  
 The hapless pupil, moulded thus by thee,  
 Were he some fool, such as thou art wou'd be, }  
 Alike in rancour and indecency.

\* Thys vain and puffy wryter of verses dothe call the bodie of the Clyrgie  
 —“the bigot crew,” who “deal damnation thro' the Lond.” And many  
 other sych-like extravagant speeches he tacketh here unto.

So whilom Romish priests did piously advise  
The penitent, with trust, to shut his eyes,  
And think his soul with them a freight of precious  
merchandise  
Faith, the fair gale, their sainted hands,  
(Mary propitious) sure to 'scape rude storms, and rocks and  
sands.

Thou, like the ape, whose ornamental tail  
Is dock'd, with others wou'dst prevail  
To check the willing muse ;  
Because for thee she does refuse,  
Like some old founder'd jade, to trot,  
Which without whip and spur will never move a jot.

If men wou'd but agree  
The poet's wild enthusiasm hence  
To banish, with just taste, and elegance ;  
And all the talents that the Muse requires  
In that wrapt bard, whom she inspires ;  
Then might *some* yet admire thy verse and thee.

So Seneca, of old, with morals wife,  
Did sagely preach 'gainst avarice.  
The rich, he told, " That fleeting wealth  
" Was but a happiness by stealth ;  
" That gold was vile corrupting pelf,  
" Which men of prudent mind shou'd cast into the sea."

B

And

And thus he counsel'd well,—that he  
Might go and fish it out again himself.

EDITOR. I cannot forbear observing, that if this wise witling and manufacturer of verses had lived in our own times, a man might properly have returned the genteel compliment which he has with equal sense and civility paid to a very large body of men, by giving him a testimonial in order to his promotion, thus :

“ *The Bigot Crew,*” to the *Wonderful Company of Dunces*, greeting.

“ We present to your most egregious Excellencies, our well-beloved Hamilton Reid, Poet Paramount of Grub Street, &c. &c., as a fit and worthy person to execute the office of High Priest of the Dunces, and Ignoramus in ordinary to his Sublime and Incomprehensible Majesty the King of the Dunces. And we truly believe that he is a man of abilities duly proportionate to the well fulfilling all the requisite follies of that high office, in the kingdom of Stupidity, &c.”

THE

## THE BLUNDERERS.

*Being a Pindariq Ode on the Kynges M-jestie bys paffyng  
thro' D-rch-r to washe hym in the Se.*

## STROPH E\*.

THE sun had scarcely risen from his bed,  
And shook himself—and yawn'd—and scratch'd his head  
Ere Collin Clout, and Hobbinol, and Sue,  
Wenches and bumpkins, clad in motley hue,  
    From ev'ry village, ev'ry cott,  
    From ev'ry habitable spot,  
    To zee His M-jesty go by ;  
    All to the dusty turnpike hie.  
For whilom truest loyalty  
Was found in folks of mean degree !  
And virtue, when at P-ddl- T-wn,  
Like greatest wonders, sh'd be known !  
For there, high hung on many a pole  
Vast efforts of a little soul.—

\* Thys being wrytten in the strophe and antistrophe of the ould Greek playwrights, in their chorusses, was likly a fragment of a tragedie, designed by the authore, on thys subiecte. Certes there ys much of the melancholly in it towards the end thereof. It seemeth to note some royale excursion not hugely different from that whych came to pafs wythin the memorie of ould men still living.—Nevertheless there are sundry other matters marked herein, the whych doubtless passed at that tyme, but of whych we have not a full understandinge for the lack of geud historie in these dark tymes.

There were your pendant crowns, and garlands, made all  
of bushes green,  
Triumphal arches and festoons, of turniptops, and cabbages,  
I ween.  
And there, to shew the quintessence of a great and truely  
loyal spirit,  
One sweeps the way with a dog whip, to make all other  
puppies clear it.  
There was the sailor and the malster, and their folks, vine  
dres'd in their holiday cloaths,  
Wonder of wonders ! covering the dusty way with sweet-  
briar and the rose,  
With marjoram, wild thyme and marigold, sweet eglan-  
tine; but sweeter still,  
All strew'd by lusty wenches, clad in white attire, super-  
latively taught by B-zzy's skill.  
Oh ! 'twas a sight so vine, so woundy vine, i'my heart I  
think 'tw'd do a blind man good to zee it still !

## A N T I S T R O P H E.

Such preparation huge, such joyous shouts,  
Were never made, ne'er heard by country louts !  
Now thirsty Sol full many an hour had roll'd,  
And now th' impatient bumpkins minutes told.

When lo ! the train 'gan 'pear in view—  
Loud clamours seize the boorish crew !  
“ He comes ! he comes !—your flow'rets shed,  
“ And pour your roses on his head.”

So then the swelt'ring nymphs bestow'd  
 Their flow'ry baskets on the road.  
 But G—, regardles of the rout,  
 Drove Jehu-like until h' was out  
 Of sight and hearing of their noise—  
 So, like a vapour, fled their joys !

Dire disappointment shook, without a crack, the dog-whip  
 from the hero's hands !

With spleen congeal'd, chop-fall'n, B-zzy his maiden troops  
 disbands !

Thus, thus all worldly joys, far biggest in distant expec-  
 tation,

When time has ripen'd them for use, turn out but mul-  
 tiply'd vexation !

Like soap-born air bubbles, high floating on the breath  
 of the day,

They shine in azure hues, and whirl in giddy mazes in  
 the solar ray ;

Till striking on the hand outstretch'd to catch, they break,  
 and instantly disappear in misty spray !

## STROPE.

Yet *Citizens* by boors to be outdone  
 Ought not, in mad'ning zeal, and joyous fun.  
 For D-rch—r, that venerable city !  
 T' have given 'un flight reception, were a pity—  
 Here withering crowns and scorching screens,  
 And flung on poles all sorts of greens ;

Devices

Devices shrewd, inscriptions gilt ;  
 A pile of loyalty was built.  
 Some round their loggerheads did wear,  
 On painted scrolls, and letters fair,  
 In gilt all glittering—"Save the King!"  
 And merrily the bells did ring.  
 Brisk crackers bounc'd amongst the croud,  
 With wide-stretch'd jaws all roaring loud.  
 In all the solemn pomp of M-yorality, berob'd, yet patient,  
 waiting in the street,  
 Horses new saddled for the King at's elbow, the city maces  
 at his feet ;  
 The Magistrate, encompas'd with his Peers, in dignity sub-  
 lime, stood at the inn :  
 Meanwhile, a ragged mob of catgut scrapers kept up most  
 hideous din ;  
 Some bawling with nasal twang, some piping, some fid-  
 dling the royal lay,  
 With notes harsh and discordant, sweet music's mur-  
 derers, these boldly led the way ;  
 As tho' t'had been their wish to deafen clamorous duns,  
 and scare fell poverty herself away !

## ANTISTROPHÉ.

In cogitation deep his worship led  
 His thoughts, to what might not, what might be said ;  
 Furbishing bright his pow'rs of oratory,  
 Knighthood to win, t' ensure historic glory !

But

But fate a thousand crosses hung  
I' th' way of 's wou'd-be eloquent tongue!  
Permitting not his mouth to ope,  
Or egress give to e'er a trope.  
The King, intent on speedy way,  
Declines the honors of the day.  
The well-fed aldermannic troop  
As fishes mute, began to droop:  
Stole off their gowns, and in the throng  
Mov'd sad and silently along!

So have I read, the castor, hard push'd by the hunter with  
his deadly cries,  
Bites off the precious object of pursuit, then safe and un-  
molested flies!

So thus the city wou'd-be Knight, unknighted, yea be-  
nighted without honors of the blade,  
His speech dissolv'd in air, robes, maces gone, and dreams  
of knighthood fled,

As snow-balls melting in the sun, his meditated glories  
overthrown;

In former insignificancy funk, unseen, unpointed at, un-  
known;

Blended inglorious with the *nameless* mob, and plung'd  
in dudgeon deep, to dinner sat him down.

A POET's APOLOGIE to the CITIE  
of D—RCH—R.

---

—Facit indignatio versum. Juv.

---

GEM'MEN and Ladies—

Hear, I pray,  
What a poor poet has to say \*,  
To vindicate his muse's honor,  
From the aspersion cast upon her †.

It has been said as how I wrote  
Verses (but they're not worth a groat,)  
Your loyalty to ridicule,  
When G—, (d'ye think me such a fool?)  
When G—, our gracious King, came thro'  
With the Queen, and Princesses, to do

\* Of thys mon I have myself heard many thyngs commonly reported, as how he would do anie thyng for the lucre of monie: and have many tymes heared my father tell that he had read in an old boke that it was he, maugre all controverfy, and none other, who did indite the aforegoing poem, with many siche like others; and that being fallen into much disreputation on the account thereof, he didd cunnyngly penn these lynes, for to be hys defence unto posterytie.

† Thys looketh unto the charge, fals and contumelious as he doth pretende, that it was he who wrotē the versēs on “ the Kynges M-jestie hys paffyng thro’ “ D—rch—r,” and so forthe.—

Needful

Needful abusions in the sea :  
 Their loving host Duke Humph'r'y.  
 This has been said of I——but L——tt  
 Such calumny can never pocket.  
 Your own dear bard too much doth prize  
 The grace he's long found in your eyes,  
 That he your favor, in a trice,  
 To's vanity shou'd sacrifice.  
 What shou'd he get by't? — troth, his gains  
 Had been the labor for his pains.  
 So now, with indignation fir'd,  
 (That is to say, by muse inspir'd,  
 'Cause 'tis all one,) I takes my pen  
 Compulsively to write again :  
 To shield my *honest* reputation  
 From undeserved degradation.  
 So it may be, your poet L——tt,  
 Like snuff of a candle in the socket,  
 Now sinking so, it out shou'd seem ;  
 Now blazing with a sudden gleam ;  
 Shall sing a better strain anon  
 Than erst he sang, in time agone,  
 When he did quildrive just to puff,  
 In metre rare, his shopping stuff\*.

\* He wrotten a curiouse cattalogge of his goods for sayle, in metre, in the whych he didd well nygh expende all the rarest flowrs of poesie and rhetoriq : altho' it be there ys somewhat of a halting in the fabrycke of his verfes, the whych he does ingeniously mark herein, under the similitude of a mon hobblyng in hys gayte.

For then—(permit me to confess,)  
 His poetry was clumsiness—  
 Sore did it halt, in sense—in found—  
 L—tt-like hobbling o'er the ground!

Now when he once sets off a main,  
 'Tis ten to one but he will strain  
 By head and shoulders (by your pardon) }  
 To lug you in to see his garden,  
 And that to see is worth a farthing. }  
 There pedestals—and busts—and flags—  
 And jars—and sentinels—he drags \*!  
 What tho' ambitious of the bays,  
 Give me not your satiric lays!  
 I never meddles with such matters,  
 Content to puff my washes, waters,  
 Toothpicks, pommade, essences, powder, ————— &c.  
 As see my catalogue.—A prouder  
 Was never pen'd—the muses gave  
 To't all a catalogue cou'd have.

But Melpomene and Calliope,  
 Are poorish ninnies in a shop!  
 With letters, quills, and ink acquainted, }  
 No eau de luce, no rouge they wanted,  
 Mere country girls, they never painted. }

\* Sych was the huge love for absurde decoraments in these romantyke tymes—or however that be, certes hys garden was a notable monster shewe of sych like rarities—and maugre hys lust for monie, he didd shewe it to all comers without price!

They had no rhymes for half my things,  
 My brushes, blacking, and shoe strings —  
 Princes, I own, and kings, and lords,  
 And queens, and coach horses affords  
 May be, a finer sounding line ;  
 Quere, if better verse than mine ?  
 And th' lowest articles I sell  
 Will serve to eke verse out as well,  
 And what is better, fill my pocket —  
 That's constitutional to L—tt !  
 My blood and spirits do abhor  
 Whatever brings no grift t' the door,

That money makes the mare to go,  
 Is undeniable, I trow —  
 What if 'tis call'd *the root of evil*,  
 And sends some headlong to the D—l,  
 Like money, all things have mishaps,  
 And where he can *the Old One* snaps.  
 Thrifty and wise on principle,  
 He in his way heaps up his store,  
 By long experience sensible  
 No better thing he can adore —  
 So gold's the univerſal G—d  
 That all mankind fall down before,  
 Therefore unthriftiness were odd  
 In a man o' ſense, to ſay no more :

'Cause flesh is grafts, and quickly gone,  
Get rich, get rich—and be it done  
By hasty strides as I've begun.

Judas of old, I always said,  
Was but a nincompoop in trade !  
If half the wit that rogue had got,  
Which I (in such a case) had us'd,  
He'd been *a better man* by's plot \*,  
Tho' now deservedly abus'd.

For ev'ry knav'ry has its price ;  
But he for nought put up his soul,  
And knock't it down without a rise :

Was he not ruin'd like a fool ?

My opinion is,—to rob or steal  
Is dangerous, and I hold it ill ;  
He needs not, who knows how to deal.

I put a price upon my wares,  
Or high or lower, as appears  
Th' experience of my customers.

What tho' my conscience, too, is sold  
Full oft—to say let me be bold,  
Its price have I in money told.

\* *Better mon*, he meaneth *rycher mon* hereby. Hearken, I pray ye, to the sagacitie of thys notable pleadere.—He discommendeth not hym for hys treacherie in engendering so wycked a plot for the lucre of gain, but for that he had not the skyll to draw more lucre thereout — the whych gif he had done, then ryches, and flatterie, the sure companyon thereof, would have fallen unto hym in the place of abuse—as a foole he meriteth it well, altho' as a knave it mighte a ben otherwise.

Here

Here let me rest my best defence,  
 That want of thrift is want of sense,  
 But worſt of ills is—want of pence. ]

Lud!—how I wander from the point,  
 As if my tongue were out o'joint \*!  
 But when the D---l puts me on  
 O'the ſcent of lucre, whip I'm gone!

But to return, and in good time—  
 'Tis vaſtly likely that my rhyme  
 To ſuſh a filly point ſhou'd tend,  
 As never cou'd to profit bend.  
 'Twas not for I to write, or print,  
 Or publish, or put finger in't  
 Your Odes, your Satires—nonsense—ſtuff,  
 That *wou'd not ſell* for a pinch o'ſnuff.  
 No—if I write, in time to come,  
 'Tis t' advertise my *paper room* †,  
 The chronicles there to be read  
 At 4 and 6 pence by the head.  
 (But P-tt, a filly boy, has made  
 A ruin of my *after trade* ‡.)

And

\* He is not well ſkylled in the *ungainful* mysterie of Chyrurgery, or of anatomie.

† It was a customary thyng for hym to be pay'd a noble by the hede quarterly, for the reding of certayn bokes, yeclipped polyticale journales in thofe daife; and thys in a ſette plaice wythin his dwellyng, the whych was thereaſter yeclipped “the Paper Rome.”

‡ Hys *after trayde*—Thys ys the lucre broten hym in by the fellyng theſe bokes, or lettynge them on loan wythouten doors; when as the noveltye therin

was

And then I'll add (what well may stun ye)  
 " See L--tt's garden *without money* !  
 " Gem'men walk in, walk in," I bawl,  
 " As I'm a rogue, 'tis gratis all."—

And now, I hopes, Gem'men and Ladies  
 T'excuse me a plenty said is, }  
 And 'pology abundant made is.  
 In my opinion 't does appear  
 Plainly your favorite is clear  
 Of the burlesquing Dor—r.  
 By these you find I'm no such blockhead,  
 And so,

Your humble servant,

L----TT.

was a passing by. But the Lorde Mareschal Pytte he didd provyde for the geud of the kyngdom, and the well-being thereof, that sych pryvate lucre should furcease forthwyth, on a sette tyme.

FREAKS

## F R E A K S    of    L O Y A L T Y ;

OR,

## The HUMOURS of P— T—N.

Sed nunc non erat his locus—

HOR.

'Tis *place*, and *season*, that doth make  
All acts their proper colours take.

WHEN G— on a dipping to W-ym--th came down,  
He knew not the humors of wife P— t—n,  
So he drove with all speed thro' the mad rabble rout,  
And, sick of such fooleries, never look'd out.

But such a proceeding  
Was not pretty breeding,  
And gat him a mighty small share of renown  
With the gentle *mobility* of P— t—n.

'Twas enough, to be sure, to raise cholor in any  
To make such a fuss, and get never a penny !  
To dress up their daughters with ribbands and posies,  
And scatter before him full baskets of roses,  
With much emulation,  
And high expectation  
Of picking some profit (since wit there was in it)  
If G— had but popt out his nose for a minute.

But

But now, the occasion thus totally gone,  
 By these *wise men of Gotham* what was to be done ?  
 Sure such studied follies were far better undone  
 When back he return shou'd from W-y-m--th to London !

'Twou'd have been little less  
 Than a pointed disgrace,  
 Like a worthless deserter, drum'd out of a band,  
 Amidst their rejoicings t' have quitted the land.

But had they been *cut for the simples*, 'tis plain  
 The world had not laugh'd at their labor in vain,  
 Nor G—— hunted out a new rout in returning,  
 To dash with cold water a folly so burning.

Thus simpletons are  
 For ever at war  
 With reason, and season, that guides other folk ;  
 So they blunder about like a pig in a poke !

Good lack ! what a pity ! such hopes to be lost !  
 A plan so long labor'd, ah ! cruelly crost !  
 But what are your sophists ? — e'en wit what avails  
 When time, tide, and fortune, perversely turn tails ?

Not authorship there,  
 Nor projects in air,  
 Can buoy a man up if his luck is abed,  
 Nor maggoty crotchets ought stand him in stead.

Then

Then go, polish'd — \* project and compile,  
And gut up old authors, *good writing to spoil!*  
Thy name shall survive while thy P-ddl- † shall flow,  
While rushes and reeds in thy *water meads* grow —

Accomplishments great  
Shall bring on thy pate,  
In spight of disdain  
From the King and the Queen;  
A recompense worthy, a world of renown,  
The amazement, the envy, of — all P-ddl- town!

\* — Meaneth Sir Braggadocio Coxcombo, Knight, who hereafter figureth much in a poem which followeth. He was a mon of a conceited witte, and full of fanciful invencions, nevertheless expert in the watering of meades; and he was hereupon unadvysedly putten upon the compyling of a treatise on sych watering works, the whych he compleated in a manner dull enough forsooth; nevertheless it pleased the Knight hymself so well, that the lyttle witte of the mon was ever thereafter oversett and eaten out of vanitie and self-suffyciencie — Well syngeth therefore the ould poete,

“ A lyttle learnyng ys a dangerous thyng.” POPE.

† The name of the ryver Pidele, or Pidelen.

To my courteouse Friende Mr. BENJAMINE  
COLLYNS, on hys declinyng the above, for  
that it had appeared in the Heralde.

SAY, gentle Benny Collins, why  
My little sonnet didst refuse,  
For that heraldic blazonry  
Did not disdain th' uncourtly muse?  
What tho' of royalty I sung,  
Coxombo was my special theme,  
Who on's own gallows were he hung \*,  
No *loyal* *freak* more fit I deem,  
Like Haman in excessive pride,  
Alike in gallows-building fame;  
Then let the Persian law decide,  
And Combo's retribution name.

\* See an account of the gallows-looking trophies which he erected in honor  
of M-jefty, &c., in an advertisement at the end.

## THE CRYKETERS.

*A gymnaſtic Poeme, ſublyme and beauteuful, in the modern Fashyon, and wrytten in four-and-twenty Cantos by my eſtemed Friende EDMUNDE BYRK, Esquyr.*

WHILES other bard Coxombo's folly ſings,  
 To meaner themes attune the lyre,  
 I in wild phrenſy ſweep th' *infectious* strings,  
 My *vocal* ſingers music, and my *numbers* fire !  
 I ſing of cricket,  
 And the *martial* wicket,  
 The *ruffian* bat, and leathern-coated ball.  
 When gentle Zephyr has *drank up* the equinoxiāl rains, }  
 Refresh'd by *scalding* ſuns, the *verdant* ſwains, }  
 By troops аſſembling on the mantling plains,  
 All, all,  
 Fly for the ball,  
 And higgleyt piggleyt on it fall !

As ſome lone, thirſty tyger, *weeping* for his mate,  
 On ſea beach prowling, whiles the *whiſtling* ſtorm  
 Stirs up his fury and provokes his fate,  
 Not chains of adamant confine his rage forlorn !  
 Speechleſſ for grief — his howling dolorous the diſmal tale  
 relates,  
 And eke betrays the famine fore, the which his love creates.

So the *fierce* Cricketeer, with bat of beechen tree,  
 Strikes the terrific ball—the plain resounds  
 With trilling clangors!— \* \* \* \*

*Cætera desunt.*

EDITOR. *Hiatus ebeu valdè deflendus!* The obscure sublimity and astonishing bathos in this beautiful little fragment, induced the Editor to give it a place amongst these ancient poems, which the Reader will not be sorry for—But the loss the world has sustained in the defalcation of twenty-four cantos, equally terrible and pathetic, cannot easily be estimated.—In part of a note by that indefatigable old commentator and faithful historian Sir Mar-truth Puzzle-pate Gibbon, which has escaped the general ruin of this poem, it appears that the writer was a man of great literary fame in the time of our author, and as much celebrated for the prolixity of his oratorical effusions, as for his poetical; having been known to hold forth for ten hours without intermission. “ In these his fits of “ oratorie,” says one, “ he didd not refuse nouryshment while as occasion didd “ serve; but didd neither hymself take, nor permit to any other, a sound nap, “ altho’ it be he didd many tymes *doze and dream*, as I haue heard saye; Horace “ having not denied that leave—*operè in longo fas est oppressere somnum*—but hys “ patient auditors didd freely use thys prvyledge here by the poet in thys case “ made and provydede.”

## THE WRANGLERS.

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Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.

---

AS Gaffer John\*  
 Was jogging on  
 One day to take the air,  
 His wife behind,  
 (Of gentlest kind,)  
 On th' old and sorry mare:  
 And ever and anon,  
 As Gaffer John  
 Did try to catch poetic thought,  
 His dearest still,  
 With voice so shrill,  
 Certes did bring th' attempt to naught.  
 So have I seen, when wintry Boreas blows,  
 Sweeping with all his might the desert plain,  
 Driv'n by the pelting storm, a flight of crows,  
 Weary, yet patient, unsubdued, now drop, now rise again,  
 And battle with th' relentless blast,  
 Some shelter'd spot to gain at last.

\* Of thys Gaffer Johne and hys wyf, whether real personages or feigned onlye, I cannot saye much, altho' it be there be some who do contend for the realitie of the same, and affyrm confidently that he was a moncke of grete polyticale fame, and his true name Parfone Horne, in ould Chronicles in tymes agone—but thereof I much do doubt.

Quoth

## THE WRANGLERS.

Quoth he, " My dear,  
 " Who cometh here?"—  
 " A man," quoth she, " of high request!  
 " An author sage,  
 " Whose dulbert page  
 " Of some's the scorn, of some's the jest.  
 " His laboring noddle did contrive  
 " Gallant reception for a King ;  
 " But Oh, mishap ! that King did drive  
 " As if the D---l his nose had in a string \*.  
 " And sure full many a fair device  
 " Was there, in hope to draw his eyes.  
 " Yet let not this wife labor all be lost—  
 " Enough remains,  
 " With a little pains,  
 " To make a gallows, and a whipping post."

\* Hereby it appeareth that thys is wythout all controversy none other but Coxombo himself—of whom before ; and more followeth herein.—

Of thys mon the hystories come down to us are but small.—The wryter of that pleasante hystorie of The Dragone of Wantley dothe relate some valorouse achievements of hym, as how he didd on a tyme \* \* \* (Not building so much upon such an authority as this ingenious commentator seems to do, I omit the remainder of his note, as too incredible, however ludicrous, to be received with any degree of credit by modern readers.)

He was a mon of rare talents, a luminarie in these tymes ; but as one fayeth, much like unto a dark lanthorn, which, if it hath anye light therein, no man seeth it, for as much as it yieldeth its shynyng onlie unto hym who holdeth the same. Nevertheless, I do not contende that thys is the cause onlie, wherefore hys fame hath failed to come down unto our tymes. Lesser starres may not much shyne now, being extinguished by the meridian suns of splendour, the angelic Doctour, and Dunscotus.

This taunting word  
Coxcombe heard,  
And high in wrath, his gelding spurr'd.  
“ Methinks,” quoth he,  
“ Certes I see  
“ A poet of no mean degree ;  
“ A learned wight,  
“ Whose pious spight  
“ Doth even from the rostrum blaze ;  
“ And with pretence  
“ To check offence,  
“ Malignant jealousy betrays.  
“ What tho' thy right offences to expose,  
“ Might harmless long have held thy saucy nose,  
“ Tho' thou hadst thrust it in my own backs-de.  
“ Yet when in dog'rel thou didst try  
“ To ridicule our loyalty,  
“ Thy feeble shaft, thy poor abuse,  
“ Like Peter Pindar's gobbling goose,  
“ With labor vain the air doth beat,  
“ Harmless to fall at Bozzy's feet.  
“ The dart in laughter dipt, with satire wing'd,  
“ Avails not duller feeling souls to hurt :  
“ A boar pig thou,  
“ And she a sow ;  
“ Thy legs securely tied, thy nose well ring'd,  
“ So dost thou idly grunt, and grovel in the dirt.”  
“ Thou

“ Thou well hast said,” then Gaffer John replied,  
 “ Thou well hast said—it shall not be denied ;  
 “ My tickling verse doth play against thine head,  
 “ Guarded securely with a fence of lead !  
 “ Enwrap’t in self-conceit, and stuff’t with vanity ;  
 “ Of feeling, as of wit, a vast inanity !  
 “ So when on summer’s eve, the village train,  
 “ From bus’ness new set free, or learning’s lore,  
 “ In sports tumultuous on the jocund plain,  
 “ Around the giddy football eager pour ;  
 “ The suff’ring ball  
 “ Doth bear it all,  
 “ And now this way, now that way fly,  
 “ Now bowling on the earth, now soaring high,  
 “ With many a blow  
 “ From ev’ry a toe,  
 “ Yet found, and still unhurt, doth from th’ unequal  
 “ contest go.  
 “ Thy wordy talk, thy matchless impudence,  
 “ And look important, some mistake for sensé.  
 “ Like an old ape, more ugly and disgusting for grimace,  
 “ Half human, and a visage like the human face,  
 “ With *measur’d step*, and *practic’d bow*, and *mimic grace*, }  
 “ Thou mockst the polish’d manners of the great.  
 “ Nor can reflection hoar e’er drive into thy pate  
 “ How ill it meets thy petty state !  
 “ What tho’ men smile—the laugh, I trow,  
 “ The sneer, thou thinkst from envy flow.

“ A swan 'midst geese; in talk, half a philosopher;  
 “ In many a wind-born project over wise;  
 “ By arrogancy taught to hold thy nose over  
 “ Thy fellows, who have sense thy follies to despise.”

“ Hear me—didst ever see,” Coxombo cried,  
 “ Huge Humphries with Mendoza\*, side to side?  
 “ The little Israelite doth nimbly leap,  
 “ And now press in alert, and now give back,  
 “ The giant blows from his bold head to keep,  
 “ And lengthen out unfoil'd, the wearisome attack.  
 “ This haft thou seen? then go and form  
 “ A just foreboding of thine own rebuff.  
 “ Mendoza I, shall weather out thy storm,  
 “ (Fortune auspicious to my fame) and give thee back enough.  
 “ Like thee, the porpoise† in the Serpentine,  
 “ With visage black, small fishes doth afront;  
 “ The scaly tribe in shoals, when he must dine,  
 “ Yield up their little lives to his unconquer'd might.

“ But

\* Humphries and Mendoza, saith Geoffry of Monmouth, in a certain plaice, were two most valorous champions; of the nation of the Jews was Mendoza, but Humphries a gyant of the Phyllistines. These didd combat hand to hand many tymes, at the warrs of the most holie cittie of Hierusalem, for the unloosing of certayne enchanted purs strings, the which, by their magnanimouse valoure, they didd well accomplaysh.

† The porpoise is a sort of swynish fish, of color blacke, in fashyon not hugely unlike unto a pigg. Altho' it be a rare thyng, yet has it not ben served upp at our cittie feastes commonlie, at the which I do much admire; for cause that the sturgeon and the turtle, monstrouse and unsightly se bestes bothe, are thereat most greedily devoured. The whaile is sayed to be of bigness so huge that it is

“ But I, the whale, which M-jeſty doth mean  
 “ To make companion to the black ſea pig,  
 “ Fearleſs withstand thy tyranny, I ween,  
 “ Nor for thy frowning care a fig.

“ Thy futile verſe, forgotten ſoon,  
 “ (The insect of an hour at noon)  
 “ Thy futile verſe ſhall only be  
 “ A vehicle to carry me  
 “ On Fame’s ſtrong pinion up, where I,  
 “ By my own ſtrength, cou’d never fly.

“ My fame obscure, with fuller tide ſhall roll ;  
 “ My water book be read from pole to pole !  
 “ Altho’ forgotten now, alas ! and grown  
 “ Unread, and obſolete, and ſcarcely known,  
 “ E’en where indecent P-ddl-s wave  
 “ The rotten water-mead doth lave.

“ Encourag’d thus, we all will write,  
 “ In nature’s, and in reaſon’s ſpight.

held unſeemly to be brought unto our tabyls, and is by ſome eſteemed an over  
 match for the ſtomach of even an aldryman.

Thys ys that beſte the whych is yeclipped the Levyathane in the boke of  
 Psallums : nevertheless ſome ſaye naye—but the brakens, of the whych fyſh is of  
 moſt rare hugeneſs. The holie Bishop of Norway, Pontopodon by name,  
 wryteth, and doth certify that he had ſeen the ſame, and that it ys 3 myles  
 around in the girth, full out ; and furthermore, that it is certes Davides fyſh.  
 But herein let yevery mon follow hys own fancie.

“ While

“ While sweetest verse from coarse Lactea \* flows,  
“ We, less advent’rous plowmen, write in prose.  
“ And thou—receive this last, best parting word,  
“ Who fouls *its own nest* is an ill-bred bird.”

\* Lactea, the whych importeth “ Mylch Woman,” in the ould Romane tonge. Thys was a dealer in poesie and mylch, of especial note in ould tymes, who, as another poete hath sungg,

“ At morn and eventyde didd mylch the cows,  
“ 'Tween whiles, the muse.”

## A L O Y A L E O D E,

*Address'd to P. PINDYR, Esq.*

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— Vexat censura Columbas. Juv.

SWEET is the glowing verse which doth distil,  
 Facetious Pindar, from thy restless quill,  
 Like drops of precious gum soft trickling down,  
 In spicy Araby's blest gardens grown.  
 Not more the jocund lark delights my list'ning ear,  
 Her ev'ning symphony to hear ;  
 When mounting to the blue expanse above,  
 Her breast replete with grateful love,  
 Pois'd on her little wings, she pours her prayer  
 To the great Author of all things on earth, in seas, and air.

Pindar \*, whose wit-compelling mind can seize,  
 And into precious ore transmute with ease

\* Peter Pindyr, an ancient wryter of several hymns and panygericale ballads, of geud fame. He was no kin to the race of the Olympian Pindyr, but as some saye, a descendant of the god Esculapius, to the whyche alsoe thys poete seemeth for to poynte at the conclucion of thys piece.

In a boke whych is shortlie to be sette forth by my esteemed friende, Sir Josephus Banckes, and entytled, "Learnynges laste Legacie, or Antyke Crustes for "crabb'd Cryticks," and so forthe, may be found divers notable fragments off the lives of the oulder Lyric wryters; to the whych boke I refer the Readere for more of Peter Pindyr, Esq.

Whatever

Whatever tale audacious Fame, to swell,  
Doth thro' her multiplying trumpet tell.  
Not him of old I mean, who did in venal verse

The praise of conquerors rehearse,  
Wrapt bard! most dark and deep, abruptly bold!

His song well paid in shining gold:  
But that sweet modern bard let me admire,  
Whom the *licentious* muse does *daringly* inspire.

Thy vivid lay, nor decency can charm,  
Nor fear repreſſs, nor loyalty diſarm.

The little loves oft with the graces join,  
And laugh reſponsive in each playful line.

Whiles in thy hum'rous vein sweet poeſie doth pour  
Her gifts, and plenteous in thy numbers store.

Ungentle bard!

Is it not hard,

That without thee

Men cannot ſee

The generous virtues of His Maſteſty!

But for the foible of a K—g

Thou canſt not with thy wonted humour ſing.

So, then, thy verſe convinceth us he's wife,

Not Impudence to puniſh, but diſpife.

Notice wou'd foster it to greater ſize.

'Tis thus chafte Virgil's charming epic line

In more majestic dignity doth ſhine,

Traveſtied

Traveftied humorously ; so R-y--ty,

O Peter ! owes ſome little thanks unthankfully to thee.

Not that ingenuous virtue needs a foil

To ſet it off in fairer point of view ;

The fruit spontaneous of a gen'rous ſoil,

Its modest beauties please in native hue.

Thy tales, advent'rous bard, are very sweetly told ;

We ſtare to ſee thee, Peter, yet ſo bold !

To find a flaw,

Catching a straw,

And eager draw,

With ravenous maw,

What thy imagination only ſaw.

Luckless, thou angrily doſt growl—

So famiſh'd lions near ſome village prowl,

If ſome ill-fated youth, at cloſe of day,

Worn with long travel, and with hunger preſſ'd,

Thro' the dark forest bend his devious way,

In ſome lone cot his wearied limbs to reſt ;

By glimm'ring taper led, or curfew's knell.

Then the grim tyrant ſprings upon his breast,

And riots in his blood, and gluts his ſtomach fell !

Much I regret, ſweet Pindar, ſtill

Thou ſeekſt by path untrod, yet unlaborious,

And to th' ingenuous muſe inglorious

Licentiously to quaff thy fill

At the hoar fount, the ſacred Heliconian rill !—

What, is no praise to unbought virtue due?  
 Is meek-ey'd Piety fit mark for satire's rage?  
 Domestic merits, honor true,  
 Topics, O Peter,  
 Fit for thy metre,  
 To stand transfigur'd in thy laughing page,  
 While courtly sinners scape thy lash, yet much deserve it too.

Bestir thee, Peter, folly is not grown  
 So rare *a jewel* as is little known.  
 See Schwellenberg in stately pride,  
 (The precious casket by her side,)  
 Thy lay demands—wou'd it might waft her over,  
 To hector German princes at Hanover.  
 Fools are still found  
 On modern ground,  
 Tho' some have been of ancient fame.  
 To antiquarians go, and none will blame;  
 Agen work up Sir Joseph, tho' he wince;  
 But with a loyal Ode greet thy deserving Prince!

Like thee, the silly moth, on wings of down,  
 Around the fascinating flame doth play,  
 And mock its brightness—wretched insect! soon  
 To its own vanity a luckless prey!  
 Now darting near, now verging off again,  
 It whirls into the blaze, and dies in agonizing pain!  
 Peter reform'd, that he need never say,  
 " Ah, silly loon was I!" then shall we pray.

Inglorious

## A LOYALE ODE.

Inglorious are the vict'ries which gain  
 The poet trophies from another's pain,  
 (He innocent) but doubly so,  
 If the same wound is virtue's foe !

Unworthy is the fame which founded is }  
 On any wise and good man's injur'd peace, }  
 His reputation wounded, and his bliss. }

But if thy blow be levell'd at a knave,  
 Some upstart fool ; then prithee let him have  
 Thy utmost laughter-moving art, and try }  
 The caustic and the knife, lest timid modesty,  
 Driv'n by the motley herd of fools and villains, fly. }

Some fool select, egregious in his way,  
 On whose dull fibre thou mayst freely play ;  
 Some insolent Coxcombo take, and if thy lens's  
 Sharp torment can restore him to his senses ;  
 Can solve his stubborn vanity, and infuse  
 Fair modesty, forgotten thro' disuse ;  
 Thy *healing art* true fame shall justly follow,  
 And I confess, *Eris mibi magnus Apollo !* —

But thou, O greatest, best of England's Kings,  
 Accept the heartfelt praise the poet brings.  
 Thy throne, establish'd in thy people's love,  
 Which long experience of thy worth hath wrought,  
 Shall triumph in the fostr'ring power above ;  
 A Blis thro' virtue only to be fought !

And

A LOYALE ODE.

41

And shou'dst thou give to me nor place nor pension,  
'Tis well—self-interest was not my intention.  
My need demands them not. My little means,  
If well œconomis'd, meet all my ends.  
In hope I court thee not, nor sue for fear;  
Unbought, thy *great example* I revere!

And thou, Oh best of women! and the friend  
Of all that's good and virtuous, condescend  
To hear the prayer my warmest wishes pour,  
For thee and thine, to Him all humankind adore!  
“Reign long and happy—lov'd, as now you are,  
“The good man's confidence, and—Peter Pindar's fear.”  
And if next year again to W-ym--th ye come down,  
Bethink you of that wight who sang of P-ddl- t—n.

F

A D V E R-



## ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

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THE overflow at the Circus every evening is most astonishing, and speaks for the attractions of the place far beyond what words can do. Such, truly, are the amusements already provided there, as never were paralleled in the world, nor ever will be—people flock to them from all quarters of the globe. Astley is unable to express his grateful acknowledgements to a polite and generous public for the uncommon indulgence they shewed to him a few nights ago, upon the unexpected coming of the Arch-Duke and Duchess of Russia, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to the Circus. So totally filled was every corner of the building, that it was impossible to give admittance to the noble personages, notwithstanding they had killed three-and-twenty horses with driving to get to the Circus in time for places to see the Naval Review. But such is the unparalleled politeness of a British audience, no sooner had Astley come upon the stage to announce the awkward situation of his illustrious visitors at the door in a very cold night, than the house was cleared in less time than five minutes, every body seeming desirous to give up his own gratification to accommodate the strangers; and thus not only the two Dukes and Duchesses, but all their suite, were admitted without difficulty.

Astley informs the National Assembly that his new representation is in great forwardness. The Naval Review has done its business very well, and the female rowers have tugged at the oar to the tune of some hundreds, and they will now be relieved by the Piddling Virgins.

Astley hopes that the attractions of this new piece will infinitely surpass all that have yet appeared, being calculated to astonish with the magnificence of the scenery, &c., to excite the most unsatiable curiosity and surprize at the *things* which will be brought forward, and yet fully

fully to gratify it by the most laughable display that ever was exhibited upon any stage in the world.

All Europe will run to the Circus to see “The Royal Tergiversation,” or The Humours of the Virgins at Piddle.” So much expectation is raised already, that preparations are now making for the reception of the Emperor of Germany and the Grand Turk, Selim III., as soon as the rigors of the winter shall have obliged them to a cessation of hostilities, and closed the campaign. Couriers are now passing between those monarchs to negotiate the terms of a truce, that these hostile and beligerent powers may be enabled to scowl at one another from opposite sides of the Circus, without molestation, to see the Piddling Virgins. Nay, such are the irresistible temptations of the scene, that a magnificent pavilion is now putting up for the accommodation of his Holiness the Pope, who has signified his intention of honoring this representation at the same time. He is to be placed in the area, in the midst between the two angry potentates, with an olive branch of peace in his hand. Thus the British public will for once have an opportunity of seeing those three great characters really met together, who have often been fictitiously classed upon a level, viz. the Pope, the Turk, and—the Devil, who is there of course every evening.

Astley is too well paid by a liberal public to be afraid of expence—he has therefore engaged an eminent sign painter, to make a portrait of Sir Brag. Coxcombo, the Master of the Ceremonies, who is drawn sitting astride upon an hogshead of ale, and drawn upon a dray by eight pair of jack-asses, preceded by the white-rob'd virgins going in procession to the scene of action, &c. &c. &c.



